

A  
*New Tragedy,*  
CALL'D, THE  
LOVES  
OF  
Prince *Emilius* and  
LOVISA.

*First Edition.*



By JOHN MAXWELL,  
*Being Blind.*



NEW YORK: Printed by THOMAS GENT,  
for the Use of the AUTHOR, 1755.

*collated  
&  
Perfect.  
J. H. 1800.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

DUKE of *Modena*.

*Emilius*, Son to the Duke.

Lord *Billeront*, Friend to the Prince.

Count *Lodowick*.

Two *Friers*.

An *Hermit*.

### W O M E N

Dutchess of *Modena*.

*Lovisa*, the Dutchess's Charge.

*Cleopatra*, Friend to *Lovisa*.

Ladies attending on the Dutchess.

SCENE, MODENA.



**Act the First, Scene the First.**

WALKS adjoining to the COURT.  
*Enter Prince Emilius and Lord Billeront.*



P R I N C E.

**M**Y faithful *Billeront* ! Into thy friendly Bosom let me pour the secret Anguish which my Heart now feels ; and shew thee all its Sufferings : For sure thy Confidence and Trust is such, I may without Reserve declare it all, and tell thee every Care. Thou hast, I know, a sweet and gentle Nature, apt to compassionate and pity Misery. Then thou wilt pity thy sad Prince, my *Billeront* ! and yield some balmy Drops, by kind Discourse, to help to soften each corroding Care that threatens to destroy my Peace of Mind.

B I L L E R O N T.

Is there a Sorrow that my Prince can know, that *Billeront* wou'd not share ? What is it, Sir, disturbs you ? Alas, my Lord, your Change is but too visible to more than *Billeront* !--- It is already whisper'd through the Court, Prince *Emilius* has lost his wonted Gaiety, that us'd to glad all Hearts he smiled upon, and on his Brow doth wear a Cloud of Sadness.

A 2

P R I N C E

[ 4 ]  
P R I N C E.

It is Love, my *Billeront*, that captivates my Heart, and triumphs in such tender jealous Fears, lest I miscarry in the glorious Aim ; and so lose All I hold on Earth most dear ! It robs my Soul of Rest.

B I L L E R O N T.

The Conquest must, indeed, be difficult, that gives a Person of your illustrious Birth such great Anxiety, as you complain of : And yet this Gem, you rate at such a Price, must needs be less than Royal ; else why this Caution ? What is it then obstructs you in the Road to Happiness ? Indeed, I dare not harbour the least Thought against your Virtue. I know your Worth too well, to think you wou'd cherish any guilty Flame.

P R I N C E.

No, *Billeront*, the Flame I cherish is not of such a Nature to cause a Blush even in my most close Retirement ; nor cou'd a list'ning Angel, standing by, ever be offended with my utmost Wishes : Nor is the Object, that I thus admire, unworthy of it all. She wants, indeed, some little Requisites the World holds necessary to an Earthly Splendour ; but she is possess'd, of what is far more great, of Wisdom, and true Virtue : They shine conspicuous in her. But I will not keep thee longer in Suspence. Know then, it is the Dutchess's Charge : I mean, the fair *Lovisa*.

B I L L E R O N T.

Indeed, she is a Wonder of her Time ; nor do I ever think my self more happy than when your  
Visits

Visits give me Opportunity to listen to her Talking. But, tell me --- Can she be so very cold ? Is she obdurate to your best Regards ? Or has some happier Man engaged her Heart, which gives you this Distress I see you feel.

## P R I N C E.

No, *Billeront*, I have no Cause for such Complaint ; nor do I think I am indifferent to her : For when I press her with my warmest Wishes, she'll sometimes weep, perhaps, and tell me so. But the Distance is so great between us, her Prudence makes her act with great Reserve, lest the babbling World shou'd grow censorious ; and then her timorous Heart is so fearful to offend the Duke and Dutches, I never cou'd engage her to one Promise. But she will weep, and beg me to desist, and wait a happier Time. This fills me with Perplexity and Fears lest some unforeseen Event shou'd arise to frustrate all my Hopes. But this is not all, my *Billeront*. Here is, thou knows, an empty glaring Thing, just come to Court, Count *Lodowick*, with Letters of Recommendation from *Lovisa's* Uncle, whose Heir she is design'd. He does address the Fair. This furnishes a many little Jealousies. Sometimes I fancy she is grown more gay, and takes more Care in Dressing since his Arrival ; therefore I am come hitherto tell her my Uneasiness. I know she daily seeks the Noon-Day's Shade in yonder's cool Retreat, and see where already she doth appear ; and, like a Star, darts Rays of Brightness round that Walk of Cypress. Retire,  
my

my *Billeront*, into my Apartment, and there wait  
my Coming.

*Exit Billeront.*

*Enter Lovisa and Cleantha.*

P R I N C E.

As after a cloudy Day I have observ'd the  
Morning rising in its utmost Splendor ; so does  
*Lovisa*, like the Sun, break forth from out that  
Gloom, to chear my drooping Spirits ; and brings  
a Gladness to *Emilius's* Heart, which he of late  
has been a Stranger to.

L O V I S A.

Ah, my Lord, *Cleantha* here will tell you,  
You have been our last Topick ; and how  
much we both have wish'd to find you, that  
we might chide you for your unusual Dullness ;  
which was so visible in you at our last publick  
Meeting, when you know so many Wits are  
join'd to render Life agreeable by generous  
Converse.

P R I N C E.

Suppose I said, *Lovisa* was the Cause : Wou'd  
she forgive me ?

L O V I S A.

I cannot guess at what your Words portend ?  
I think, as I remember, I never was more cheer-  
ful ; and shou'd be sorry my Mirth shou'd so  
affect Prince *Emilius*, to occasion the Reverse.  
But you are going to pursue the usual Theme.  
But let me beg you, Prince, proceed no far-  
ther. I have heard too much already ; and  
have, I fear, ventured too far into a stormy  
Sea. But let us both now think of a Retreat,

before

[ 7 ]  
before the Rocks and Quick-Sands do appear,  
and we be swallow'd in the vast Abyss ! You  
know what has been urged. Duty and Grati-  
tude do both combine to oppose us in the Pas-  
sage ; and, 'till these Obstacles can be removed,  
I dare not listen to the soothing Tale. Alas,  
I tremble when I do reflect on the Duke your  
Father's furious Temper, when he shall be ac-  
quainted with your Passion ! -- Then do not  
draw me in to be the unhappy Cause of such  
Distraction : You shall have all that Friendship  
and strict Virtue can allow ; and it is barbarous  
to require more of any one than what is in their  
Power to bestow ; and more so, when we know  
the Heart is willing.

P R I N C E.

Mistake me not, *Lovisa*. It is not that  
which *Emilius* complains of. Another and a  
newer Sorrow does invade me now ; which  
brings additional Woe to all my Sufferings.

L O V I S A.

In all Things else, *Lovisa* is the Mistress of  
herself. Then tell me, What it is that thus di-  
sturbs you ? And, if it is in my Power to  
give you Ease, be sure I wou'd hazard all to  
serve Prince E M I L I U S ; whose Gentleness and  
Goodness merit more ; and Gratitude to her, who  
is so nearly allied to *Emilius*, demands it too.

P R I N C E.

O cou'd *Lovisa* see but half the Torture,  
which my Heart endures upon the Score of *Lo-  
dowick*,

[ 8 ]  
*Lodowick* ; who, I must own, is a powerful Rival ;  
whose Fortune is immense ; and who, I know,  
has your Uncle's Leave to try to win you : She,  
sure, would pity me, and give Relief.

*LOUISA.*

Alas, my Lord, I fear your Temper is inclined  
to Jealousy ; but let me tell you, Sir, whatever  
you may alledge in its Excuse, it is a selfish  
and dangerous Passion ; and where the Mind is  
not strictly guarded with the noblest Virtue, what  
wild Extravagance may it proceed to ? But if  
a Declaration from *Louisa* will give you Ease ;  
then be assur'd *Lodowick's* Efforts shall ever be  
render'd fruitless. Nor wou'd I have you think  
so poorly of me, to imagine, in the least, that In-  
terest cou'd sway me : For my Uncle, he, good  
Man ! I am satisfied, will never thwart my In-  
clinations ; nor need I fear a Disappointment in  
any Favour he has declared. But, grant I shou'd ;  
*Louisa* has enough to satisfy her Wishes ; nor  
do I value more, but for the sake of benefitting  
others. My Pleasures are not in the least ex-  
pensive ; for know, my Lord, I had rather pass  
my leisure Hours, design'd for Recreation, in ru-  
ral Scenes, or in my Garden contemplate the  
Works of Nature, and by such pleasing Steps  
rise higher in Reflection, than be Sharer in the  
greatest Splendor of a Court : Thanks to your  
Royal Mother, who has taken Care to cul-  
tivate my Mind, and sow such precious Seed  
within my Bosom.

*PRINCE.*

[ 9 ]  
P R I N C E.

O stop not there, my Charmer, but protect  
and bless me with the Musick of thy Tongue.  
The pleasing Sounds already do begin to soften  
every Grief ; and I, methinks, like some poor  
love-sick Youth, that doats as I do, finding his  
Heart oppress'd, steals forth at Midnight to seek  
a lonely Shade ; where, by the Help of Echo's  
pleasing Voice, he pours out his Complaint a-  
mongst the Trees, and tells each Sorrow to the  
murmuring Stream, 'till *Philotet* begins her  
moving Song ; and, by its sad Complaining, lulls  
his Care asleep : So wou'd *Lovisa* hush my  
troubled Breast, wou'd she but promise ne'er to  
be another's ; then *Emilius* wou'd struggle  
with the rest.

L O V I S A.

O Prince, I cannot, must not, dare not hear  
no more. Then do not press me farther, nor  
take such Pains to lead me to a dangerous  
Precipice, where one unwary Footstep wou'd  
be enough to plunge me headlong down ! For,  
be assured, soon as your Brother's Nuptials shall  
be solemnized with *MANTUA*'s Rich Princess,  
*ISABELLA* ; your Father's Thirst of Grandeur  
ne'er will let him rest, 'till he has found Ano-  
ther for Prince *Emilius* ; and so you shou'd be  
torn from poor *Lovisa*, and she be left aban-  
don'd to her Sorrows ! — But see, the Walks  
begin to fill with Company. Let us withdraw,  
lest we shou'd be observed.

B

Exeunt.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The S C E N E changes to the Court.*

*Enter the Dutchesse and Attendants.*

DUTCHESS.

**I** Thank you for this Pity you have shewn :  
Your Grief is amiable , and those Tears be-  
come such sad Occasions. Compassion is im-  
planted in our Natures ; a Gift, which Hea-  
ven bestows to help our Duty : And they who  
do possess the largest Share, I think are  
most like Angels. But if, like them, we can-  
not be exempt from Sorrow, whilst we here re-  
main ; let us still cherish its best Inclinations ;  
and nobly persevere, 'till we grow up to Hap-  
piness, like them. Yesterday you saw your  
Royal Mistress smiling amidst a Train of purple  
Grandeur, flourishing like a Tree, whose loaded  
Branches hung with pleasing Fruit, supported  
too by Twins just full in Bloom, which seemed to  
promise yet a richer Crop. To Day you see  
her Sun-Shine clouded quite ! One of these  
Twins destroy'd ; just like a tender Plant blasted  
by adverse Winds, or Force of Lightning ! And,  
ah ! how soon the Other may be lost ! Who  
is there, that can tell how soon the Stem, from  
which they both did spring, may be removed ;  
and all this gaudy Scene be changed ? None  
knows. Such Thoughts shou'd make us humble  
and afraid.

*Enter the Prince.*

PRINCE

## P R I N C E.

What sudden, unexpected Grief is this, which now I see invades that much lov'd Bosom !-- O Royal Madam, give me to understand the Cause from whence it springs. Indeed, I am pain'd to see those Tears flow, and my Heart sickens with sad Apprehension.

## D U C H E S S.

Come nearer, *Emilius*, and let me hold thee thus in these sad Arms. I think 'till now I never understood to what a Height paternal Fondness reach'd. But this Distress has shew'd me all its Power ; and I, methinks, stand hovering o'er thee now, like one, who, by Mishap, had just been robb'd of half the little Treasure which she long had hid ; finding the Loss, she counts over the Remains, and fancies Charms, which ne'er before had shone. But it is cruel to keep thee thus in doubt. I see by those big Drops, ready to fall, how much indeed thou art pain'd ; and, ah ! my Grief is more to tell thee the sad Tale. But this is still to trifle, like a timorous Child, who studies Arts to avoid the bitter Potion. Know then, it is thy Brother's Death I mourn !-- Nay, now thy Tears fall, and they become thee. But let us be resign'd to all that Heaven dispenses. But sure it is not a Crime to feel a Pain Nature will have its Share ; but it is our Task to manage Nature wisely.

## P R I N C E.

O how unstable are all Earthly Joys ! How

12  
fleeting is our Bliss, and Life precarious ! But, if  
your Grief will let you, tell me, O quickly tell  
me, the melancholly Circumstances of his Death.

DUTCHESS.

This Morning an Exptels from Mantua brought  
the sad News. *The Nuptial Day was fix'd, the  
Bride was dress'd; the Priest did wait to join  
the happy Pair : When, O sad Thought ! a sud-  
den Impossthume rose, which put a Period to thy  
Brother's Days. So sudden was his Death, the  
Musick, which stood ready there to yield their  
sprightly Notes in Honour of that Morn, did serve  
at Eve to sound sad Dirges o'er his breathless  
Corse ! — O what a Change, my Emilius, is  
here ! How are Modena's Hopes in this Alliance  
render'd abortive all ! And much, I fear, it will  
sit uneasily upon the Duke : But, if my Judgment  
err not, thou must repair this Breach : There-  
fore take Care, let no rash Choice engage thy ten-  
der Heart. Thou now stand'st near the Throne,  
and Things are alter'd quite. I speak not this to  
charge thee with a Fault : I know thy Virtue  
well ; for which thus low I bend with Thanks to  
Heaven for crowning all my Care with such Suc-  
cess. Farewell, my Emilius, and think of me.*

*Exit Dutchess and Attendance.*

PRINCE alone.

"Thou now standest near the Throne, and  
"Things are alter'd quite." Alas ! I fear this  
sudden Turn to Greatness will be a Means to  
make me more unhappy.

*The END of the FIRST ACT.*

A C T

A C T the Second.

The S C E N E Lovisa's Apartment.

Lovisa and Cleantha.

L O V I S A.

**F**orbear to sooth me with such delusive Hopes. The Prospect was too dazzling before, but this Remove has so extended it, that Sight is lost e'er it can find a Period. Not that I doubt the Prince ; I know his Virtue ; but you shall hear his Letter, my *Cleantha*. [Enter Count Lodowick.

L O D O W I C K.

According to the Laws of our Society, I being present first, do claim the Priviledge of inspecting what I see you now peruse.

[Offers to snatch the Letter, Lovisa prevents him.

L O V I S A.

Forbear, my Lord. This Freedom ill becomes you. You go beyond that Priviledge you mention. Our Laws have their Restraints. A Piece of Gallantry, I do confess, may be inspected ; but what is serious, you will find excepted ; And this, I will assure you, is such.

L O D O W I C K.

How easily a Woman finds Excuse for what she fain would hide. Your Blushes do proclaim it ; but, I'll endure no more ; nor give Attendance after such vain Hopes. I know your Heart was never meant for me.

L O V I S A.

If I do blush, it is your Rudeness does occasion it. You assume a Power to which you have no Right ; nor do I value all your boasted Service, which at the best had never Power to please ; but now is grown most irksome. Therefore I do require you'd trouble me no more with this your insolent and proud Behaviour. [Enter the Prince.

P R I N C E.

[ 14 ]  
P R I N C E.

'Tis most unmanly to be thus noisy in a Lady's Chamber. Suppose I claim an Interest in that Heart you now contend for, who shall dispute it with me?

L O D O W I C K.

Pardon me, Sir, it by presuming thus I have offended : It was done in Ignorance ; but for the future shall be more careful ; nor dare to soar so high as e'er to hope to possess a Jewel my Prince lays Claim to ; therefore I'll take my Leave. [Exit Lod,

L O V I S A.

O Prince, what has your Rashness done ? This News will fly like Lightning through the Court ; and every curious She will be most forward to first communicating it to her Friend. *Lodowick* be sure will publish it with Speed ; nor will he want the Means of whispering to the Duke : And what must be the Issue ? A total Separation ! And I must never hope to see you more. --- Ah, me ! 'till now I was not sensible how great the Loss wou'd be ; But, 'spite of all Reserve, my Tears will fall, and tell you more than yet they've ever done.

P R I N C E.

Fright not thy timorous Heart with such Ideas, I'll go and throw my self at his Royal Feet ; nor will I leave his sacred Knees 'till he hath given thee to me. Then, then, that Hour, that happy Hour, shall be by me mark'd out to be the far most bless'd of any that makes up the revolving Year, when I can call you mine.

L O V I S A.

Banish such Hopes ; they will but prove destructive to your Peace, when you shall find them false. Alas, the Distance was too great before ; but now the *Ducal Crown* hangs near your Brow, that I at  
humble

humble Distance, must content my self to see you happy in some *Princess's* Arms, who brings a Crown in Dowry with her Love. But by this Time I think our Friends are met; they'll wonder at our Absence. Then let us join them, and strive to wear our usual Gaiety.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*The Scene changes to the Dutchess's Apartment, the Dutchess as arising from Reading.*

DUTCHESS.

What sweet Refreshment does the Mind receive from all those various wise instructive Volumes! 'Tis such distinguishes us from the Brutes, and shews the Dignity of Human Nature, how blest'd in that most noble Gift of *Speech*, by which all our Conceptions are convey'd! --- In all Things else, such as concern our Passions, or our Senses, the *Brutes* possess their Share too. To consider only that most pleasing one of *Sight*, which opens to us such delightful Prospects, by which we reach even higher than the Sun, and view the Order of the Heavenly Bodies. All Things below we see do quickly change. But our *Experience* shews us these are still the same; have look'd upon all Ages, and have seen their various Scenes of Miseries and Joys: Yet how superior is the *thinking Soul*? *The Sun shall sink, the Moon shall fade away*, and all those differing Glories of the *Stars* be lost; but I *shall* still continue ever young, shall be made happy in eternal Joys beyond all we can think; the Gift of Wisdom infinite, and Power unbounded. [*Enter the Duke.*]

D U K E

It is well you are alone: If any of your Attendants are too near, dismiss them, that I may with Freedom now discourse you. You guess what I intend; it is to chide you for your Son's Behaviour, which your Indulgence has I fear occasion'd. I  
now

now no longer wonder at that cold Reception my late PROPOSAL met with from him concerning *Isabella*, since his foolish Heart is so engaged, and doats on your *Levisa*.

DUTCHESS.

To any less accusom'd to such Hearts, your Temper wou'd indeed be troublesome: For, 'spite of all I have borne, I do confess I cou'd have spared your Anger at this juncture. It is barbarous to insult me at a time when my poor Heart still throbs with its Distress. As for your Son, we need not be surprized, if he is particular to her, with whom he has been bred even from his Childhood: But that he doats upon, or courts the Maid, is what indeed I am a Stranger to.

D U K E.

The Thing is plain, and is become a Subject of Discourse for every Meeting. *Lodowick* has resign'd all his Pretensions; but, mark me well, dispose him so, that he shall be obedient to my Will, or dearly shall ye all repent this Folly.

DUTCHESS.

Forbear your Menaces, and give your Reason Leave to judge with Coolness. Suppose his tender Heart shou'd be attach'd in Fondness to *Levisa*. 'Till this Distress appear'd, which now I mourn; the Match was not contemptible: Her Fortune is large; nor wou'd your Greatness be at all diminish'd, her Blood being mix'd with your's, tho' Time hath placed her at so great a Distance. But see, he comes; examine him yourself.

[ Enter the Prince ]

D U K E.

It is well, young Prince, you are come. Have you obeyed my Orders in writing Letters to the Court of *Mantua*?

P R I N C E.

[ 17 ]  
P R I N C E.

Ah, Royal Sir, urge me not to a Thing my Reason and my Duty must disclaim. I have weigh'd it well; and find, upon the strictest Scrutiny into my inmost Thoughts, my Heart can never incline to love the Princess. Forbid it then that I should deal so falsely, by entering into Bonds so sacred, where nought but cold Indifferency is found, which may perhaps in Time grow to Aversion.

D U K E.

Provoking, stubborn Boy! thus to oppose me. These are the Arts with which thou would'st disguise thy Passion for *Lovisa*. I am no Stranger to my main Designs. But dare not, even in Thought, to thwart my Purpose in this so great, so advantageous March, lest thou too late repent thee of thy Folly.

[ *Prince, kneeling.* ]

P R I N C E.

O! Sir, if ever Pity touch'd your tender Breast, afford it now, and pity my Distress: For, ah! I do confess, I love *Lovisa*. Then do not deal so harshly, by laying on me such a hard Injunction; which, if complied with, must of Consequence destroy my Peace of Mind.

D U K E.

Distraction! art thou fall'n so low? Rise, or I shall spurn thee from me. Thinkest thou I will foregoe my Country's Grandeur for any puny Girl, such as *Lovisa*, who has used her Arts thus to ensnare thy Heart? Forget her, or I will have her tryed, and burnt for a Witch: For it is most certain, that she hath bewitch'd thee, which makes thee deaf to such a Call of Greatness.

[ *Prince, rising.* ]

P R I N C E.

If Virtue, such as her's, shall be in Danger, even  
C where

where that Power is lodg'd that shou'd protect it ; where shall the Injur'd fly to seek for Safety ? Only on me let your Displeasure fall. She has always heard my Suit with much Uneasiness, nor ever will offend you. But I'll withdraw 'till this fierce Storm shall cease. But e'er I go, let me assure you, Sir, how-ever dear *Lovisa* is to *Emilius*, and sure she is much more than all his Greatness, I will not even wish to be so happy 'till your Consent shall warrant such a Blessing. *Exit Prince.*

## D U K E.

O aid me, Patience, now, or I shall burst. Madam, take care and school your Son, if e'er you hope to see my Face with Comfort.

*Exit Duke. Enter Lovisa.*

## L O V I S A.

If my Impatience to see you, Madam, has made this Visit in the least intruding, I hope your Goodness will excuse it, and tell me if my Presence is unseasonable.

## D U C H E S S.

No, my *Lovisa*, thou art always welcome, art always dear to her, whose Care has been to study to promote thy Happiness. Before thou enter'd, I had just design'd to send for thee ; for only thou can'st remedy my Trouble. What wilt thou do to serve me ? A fair Occasion now presents itself to shew thy Gratitude for all I have done. Nay, do not weep ; thy Tears add to my Sorrows. --- Such has my Fondness been ; and such my Love to her, who left thee to my Care.

## L O V I S A.

O Royal Madam, why this strict Enquiry, which you deliver in such Pomp of Words ? The sad Formality produces Fears, which wound my gentle

gentle Nature, lest you suspect my Duty. Alas, thou'd I recount the many Favours I have received from you ; the Recital wou'd be apt to tire your Patience. Then let *Lovisa* know what she must do : But I'll prevent that Trouble, by telling you, I met the furious Duke just as I enter'd ; and, by those angry Looks he cast upon me, I plainly do perceive he has been inform'd of what I long have fear'd : I mean, the Prince's Love. But do not blame me, Madam ; for much I have labour'd to dissuade him from it ; have used the little Rhetorick I was Mistress of, in painting out all the unhappy Consequences wou'd attend it ; and begg'd him oft to nip his growing Passion in the Bud.

## DUTCHESS.

Compose and hush this Tumult in thy Breast ; nor let thy Fears disturb thee in such sort. Ah, thy *Lovisa*, was it in my Power to make you happy in such fair Espousals, Ambition's strongest Charm shou'd not have Power to sway me from an Alliance with thy Virtue. But thou knowest the Temper of the Duke : Therefore let me conjure thee, by all the Ties of Friendship, to heal this Breach, by speedily withdrawing from the Court. Absence, my Dear, will be the only Remedy to cure thy Malady, if thou dost love.

## LOVISA.

" If I do love." Alas ! the gentle Flame has made too deep Impression on my Heart. But you shall see *Lovisa* has not profited so meanly, by your Example, not to combat with the greatest Difficulty, when Reason and her Duty shall require it.

## DUTCHESS.

Thou wond'rous Maid ! how does thy Goodness charm me ! Then do not think me cruel or severe, if I require more. But, Oh ! it pains me much to ask it of thee. Yet it is necessary not to permit an Interview at parting, lest his soft Persuasions shou'd melt thy best Resolves.

## LOVISA.

Indeed, the Task is hard ; but I will call in Resolution to my Aid : Nor shall you e'er have Cause for to complain, or say *Lovisa* was in the least ungrateful. It was my Esteem for you first drew me in ; and was the Inlet to this unhappy Passion. I lov'd the Prince, because he was to much a Part of You. Permit me then to retire, and dry my Eyes ; and you shall see I'll punctually obey you. Farewell ; and may all Happiness attend you, whate'er the poor *Lovisa* must endure.

*Exit Lovisa.*

## DUTCHESS, Sol.

*What various Ills does proud Ambition bring ?  
How oft we are cheated too by its Allurements !  
Whilst eagerly we yield to the Temptation,  
We lose the Substance to embrace a Shadow.*

*Enter Prince and Lord Billeront.*

*Exit Dutches.*

## PRINCE.

Now, *Billeront*, the Storm, which long I fear'd, has gotten Ground ; and breaks with such Rapidity and Strength, I fear indeed its Force will quite o'erwhelm me. Then take this Letter, and find some Means of conveying it to *Lovisa*, to try if that will move her. I have been refused Admittance ; and cou'd indeed received no other Answer, than that she was indisposed, and sought Rest.

BILLERONT.

## B I L L E R O N T.

My Lord, you may spare yourself that Trouble. For, as I crossed the Court, which leads to her Apartment, whilst in Pursuit of you, I saw the Doors open ; when, presently, she appear'd, dress'd for a Journey ! I, at a Distance, stopp'd, and made Obeisance ; which she return'd, with Signs to draw still nearer. Then, with a watry Eye, and Look of Sadness, *My Lord*, said she, *You are the Prince's Friend ; and for that Cause I highly do esteem you. Then let me beg you, Sir, to tell his Highness, the poor Lovisa does intreat him not to grieve for her ; nor impute this sudden Change to Disrespect. It is Duty does enjoin it.* This said, quick as an Arrow from a well-stretch'd Bow, she fled ; and, with her female Friend, threw herself into a Coach, that waited there : But I have learn'd this Flight is to her Uncle's.

## P R I N C E.

A sudden Thought presents itself, my *Billeront*, which I am resolv'd to put in Practice. Then use no Argument in Hopes to dissuade my Purpose ; for I am fix'd. Only one Circumstance there is disturbs me : The Consideration of the weeping Dutchess. But I will leave a Letter on my Table shall satisfy her, *I am not in Danger.* Then hear my Scheme. Near to *Lovisa's* Uncle's stands a Monastery of the Cordelier's Order. Thither I will haste to shun this hated Marriage with *Isabella*. I may be sure to meet a kind Reception : For I will bear a Letter written from my self, who am their Patron and Benefactor. There I may find an Opportunity of speaking with *Lovisa*. But be sure no Word escape thee may betray this Secret. Then let us haste to put

Thine

Things in a Readiness for my Departure. I have a Pilgrim's Habit, in which I will disguise myself. This being done, I'll try to rest a while; and then, before the Sun shall gild the Mountain Tops, I will pursue my Journey.

*The END of the SECOND ACT.*



### A C T the Third.

*Enter the Prince disguised like a Pilgrim.*

P R I N C E.

**H**OW oft mistaken is the giddy Crowd, who gaze upon Ambition's Outside Glare; and, from its dazzling, gilded, pageant Shews, imagines All is Happiness within. But, ah! what poor Relief can Grandeur bring to Hearts oppress'd like mine? Nature, we find, will triumph o'er it all; nor can it in the least secure from Sickness, or from Pain; or from that common Dread that so affects the World by Thoughts of Death. But, sure, I draw near to my Journey's End: My wearied Limbs, unaccustom'd to such Fatigue, begin to tire. Here is a little Hermitage, I see. I'll make Enquiry. [*Knocks at the Door.*]

*Enter an Hermit.*

P R I N C E.

Your venerable Aspect, and this Solitude, fill me with Longings to share your happy Choice in thus retiring from the World's Allurements.

H E R M I T.

You are mistaken, Friend, it was not Choice, but (as we commonly express the thing) Misfortune drove me in. I wou'd not chuse a voluntary Poverty; I think it is happier far to have it in our Power to confer

confer Benefits : But when it is our Lot dispenc'd by Heaven, then indeed there is Room to exercise a noble Virtue, extensive in its Parts. Thk, long Experience has convinc'd me of. To instance only that most common one of Temperance, which Frugality will bring : Then, we are free from all those great Anxieties by Thoughts of Death, fearing to be torn from various Pleasures Affluence affords. Much more I cou'd enumerate ; but I am to blame to keep you thus long standing here without. Be pleas'd to step into my lonely Cell, and rest your self a while, and taste such humble Viands as you there shall find.

## P R I N C E.

I thank you, Father ; but I must not waste the Time. The Night comes on apace. My Business was to make Enquiry for the Cordelier's Monastery.

## H E R M I T.

Do you see yon Trees ? Walk but to them, and you are at the Gate. I wou'd most willingly attend you there ; but I have a sick Man here within demands my Presence.

## P R I N C E.

Father, farewell ; and may your Goodness meet its full Reward according to Heaven's Bounty.

## H E R M I T.

*Exit Prince.*

Farewell, my Son : And may your Goodness with your Years increase. Indeed it glads me much to find such Piety in one so young. But I must haste to cull some of these Herbs whilst Day-light serves, to try to remedy my sick Man's Pain.

*Exit Hermit.*

*[The Scene changes to a Monastery.]*

*Soft Musick within. Enter two Friars.*

## F I R S T F R I E R.

Brother, to me this Pilgrim's Distress seems more upon his Mind than Body. He's wond'rous thoughtful.

ful. I hope these pleasing Sounds will sooth his Sadness, and soften his Repose.

SECOND FRIER.

He needs must be a Favourite with the Prince, who has taken such Pains to recommend him thus. But he is a gracious Prince, and much we are indebted to his Bounty. But say, how goes the Night?

FIRST FRIER.

I think 'tis almost wasted.

SECOND FRIER.

Then let us each depart now to his Cell, and finish our Devotions, that we may rest a while before the Bell shall ring us up to Mattins.

FIRST FRIER.

Brother, good Night; and may good Angels hover near our Slumbers, and sanctify our Rest with holy Dreams.

[ *Exeunt severally.*

[ *The Scene changes to a Grove of Oranges and Jessamine.*

Enter the PRINCE.

Much have I heard spoken of this pleasing Grove: But sure Description shew'd not half its Beauties. Happy Fathers! who are bless'd with such a charming Solitude, so near your sacred Walls, where Prayer and Contemplation dwell! You needs must be the Mansion where my Love's enclosed. Ah! how my Fears alarm me, lest I fail of Means of having my Letter given into her Hands. — Hark, the Clock strikes Four. Alas! the Hour's unseasonable, to offer to disturb a noble Family. I must return, and wait a properer Time. Here is a most delightful Scene before me. This high Grats, surrounded by them tall Trees, whose aged Trunks are cover'd all with Myrtle, invites me to Repose. I will lie down and try to catch a Slumber.

[ *The Prince throws himself on the Ground.*

Enter Lovisa and Cleantha.

CLER-

## CLEANTHA.

Ah, my *Lovisa*, how am I distress'd to see you grieve so much. Will nothing help to mitigate your Sorrow? Alas, your Tears flow as tho' their Springs wou'd never be exhausted. The Roses on your Cheeks begin to fade; the Days are tedious, and the Nights are worse.

## LOVISA.

Oh, my *Cleantha*, much it cost the Charmer of my Heart e'er he cou'd fix Love's Empire in my Breast. Then can you think he'll easily be dethron'd? No, no, he says, he will have all paid back, each Sigh, each Tear, and that with Interest too, e'er he will quit his Claim. Alas, I do but wait 'till the sad Sound shall strike upon my Ear, that *Emilius* is placed in *Isabella's* Arms; and then, my Dear! St. CLARE is my last Refuge, where I will hide my Sorrows from the World.

[The Prince, rising.]

## PRINCE.

But if *Lovisa* will be no Recluse 'till that shall be, the Church most certainly will lose its fairest Votary, and *Emilius* preserve one Glimpse of Hope.

## LOVISA.

Lend me your Arm, *Cleantha*, lest I faint. The Voice is *Emilius's*. Ah, Prince! are you become my Persecutor too? What means this Habit which I see you wear? And wherefore are you come? I was seeking Arts to try to mollify the Wounds which Love has made: And you are come to make them bleed afresh!

## EMILIUS.

Chide not, my Love, but pity my Distress. You wou'd not blame the Man, who has prepared to take a very long and tedious Journey, uncertain his Return, if he took Pains to find the dearest Friend he had

had on Earth, to bid a long Adieu. Such is my Case, LOVISA. — Being deprived of you, I am resolved to shut my self within these sacred Walls, and dedicate my Days to Contemplation.

L O V I S A.

Rob not the World, my Lord, of such a Benefit your Virtue wou'd afford. Think of your Country; think how much there is required of you for its Defence and Safety against Enemies, that might destroy its Peace; and let the Consideration sway your princely Mind from such a Weakness.

P R I N C E.

Ah, my LOVISA; whilst I am thus wretched, I am unfit to share the Toil of Government. In You I have treasur'd all my Earthly Happiness: Each Hope, each Joy, did center all in you; but having lost You, Life is now a Burden.

L O V I S A.

Then think what must the poor LOVISA feel, if EMILIUS's manly Courage sinks beneath the Pressure? But let me beg you, Prince, exert your Spirits, and hope Relief from Time. Time will do much, if we will but accept it. Nature's the same in All. Then, sure, the Villager, who toils all Day, may be as much distress'd by Loss of Wife, or of his darling Child. What is it then that we so much complain of? Is it because that we are born so high? That is no Argument will bring Excuse. The Advantages we receive shou'd be a Means to help to make us bear Misfortune better, and give Example to the lower World. But, hark! I hear the Gate, which opens to this Grove. It is my Uncle's Tenderness for me that brings him forth thus early. Then let me now conduct you by this strait Path out of the Grove. I wou'd not have him see you for the World.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*The Scene changes to the Monastery.*

*Enter Lord Billeront and a Frier.*

F R I E R.

The Person you described last Night, we did receive into

into our Monastery. Thoughtful he seem'd, and weary with his Journey, desired to rest. This Morning, early one of the Holy Brotherhood did approach his Bed, to see how it fared with him; but found him gone; nor have we seen him since: But see, he comes. I will withdraw, and leave you to your private Conference. [EXIT FRIER. Enter the Prince:

P R I N C E.

Lord BILLERONT here! What means this quick Pursuit? Thy officious Love's grown troublesome of late?

B I L L E R O N T.

Condemn me not 'till you have heard the Cause. Indeed I bring you melancholly News: Therefore I must be brief, because perhaps the Duke your Father dies this Moment! Nay, look not so, as tho' I wou'd deceive you, in Hopes of bringing you back: The Thing is true. That Morning, in which you left the Court, the Duke rose early, propos'd to hunt, and bid you shou'd be call'd. But being told, you had sitten up late, supposing you had spent the Time in writing to ISABELLA, gave Orders that you should not be disturbed. No sooner was the unhappy Chace begun, but the Duke was thrown from off his Horse, and wounded: So that the Physicians all despair of his Recovery. At little Intervals from his sharp Pain, he enquires for you. The weeping Dutcheß, who had just been inform'd of your being gone, applied herself to me. I promised to use my utmost Care to find you. Then let us lose no Time.

P R I N C E.

Ring that Bell, BILLERONT, and let me take my Leave of these good Men. [Bell rings.

Enter Two Friers.

P R I N C E.

FATHERS! A sad Accident has happen'd, which calls me back with Speed. I thank you for the Kindness you have shewn; but the Prince shall thank you, and reward you too. Only be pleas'd to add one Favour more. As soon as I am gone, dispatch a Messenger to that Gentleman's, whose House stands at the

Bottom of your Grove : Bid him, Enquire for a Lady, call'd *LOVISA*, and let him tell her, the Pilgrim, which spoke with her this Morning, desires she wou'd not come to any Resolution 'till she has heard from him.

*First F R I E R.*

Your Orders shall be executed punctually ; but give us Leave to wait upon you to the Grate.

[ *Exeunt omnes.*

*The Scene changes to the Court, the DUKE is discover'd on a Couch, the Duke's weeping by.*

*D U K E.*

No News of *Emilius* ! Alas, my Boy ! thy Tenderness cou'd not endure such Usage. Lend me your Hand, dear Madam ! Still support me : Fain I wou'd try to spin the Thread of Life a little longer, 'till I am bless'd with the dear Sight of *Emilius*. Forgive the Roughnesses which may have rose from hurrying in Ambition. I know your Worth ; and always have admired your steady Goodness, which indeed is the best Security in this Hour of Tryal. For however great in Dignity and Power, we must indeed be judged like other Men. Then, what is Grandeur ? What is Royalty ? They all forsake us ; and no Friend we find to assist us in the Tryal, but our Virtue.

[ *Enter the Prince.*

*P R I N C E.*

And does my Father live ? O Sir, how am I pain'd to see you thus ! Then let me bathe these Hands in filial Tears, and tell you all the Sorrow that I feel.

*D U K E.*

O *Emilius*, I fear I've been to blame. But do not hate my Memory, when I am gone. It was my Zeal to aggrandize thy Fortune. I wou'd indeed have form'd thee all the Hero ; but thy Mother's Softness hangs around thy Heart, which keeps

keeps thee back from enterprizing Greatness. Be  
happy in thy Love; and may your Offspring in-  
herit thy Mother's Virtues. --- I can no more;  
for now the Mists of Death arise, and hide ye  
from me. Farewell. O Mercy! [Dies.]

## P R I N C E.

*There fled the Soul to seek that happier Life,  
Where Sorrow ceases, and's the End of Strife;  
Where Peace, and Love, and purest Joys are found;  
No Fear of dying more; but wrapt, in Extacy, to find  
It is at last with Life Eternal crown'd.*

[ The Curtain falls.

The End of the Third A C T.

